

## TAZEWELL CO. DIRECTORY.

Circuit Court.  
Robert C. Jackson, Judge; H. Bane Harman, clerk. Terms of court—1st Monday in April, 4th Monday in August and 1st Monday in December.

County Court.  
J. H. Stuart, Judge; T. E. George, clerk. Terms of court—Tuesday after 3d Monday in each month.

Officers.  
Jno. T. Barnes, Com'n. Att'y.  
Jno. W. Crockett, Sheriff.  
James Handy, Deputy Sheriff.  
R. K. Gillespie, Treasurer.  
H. P. Brittain and  
H. G. McCall, Deputies.  
R. S. Williams, County Surveyor.  
Address, Bounding Mill, Va.  
P. H. Williams, County Supt. Schools.  
Address, Snaps, Va.

## THE CHURCHES.

### STRAS MEMORIAL EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Divine Service—First and Third Sunday of the month at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.  
Holy Communion—First Sunday at 11 a. m.  
Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.  
A hearty welcome is extended to all.  
Rev. W. D. Beckner, Rector.

### Methodist Episcopal Church South.

Public worship of God on the 1st and 3d Sundays at 11 A. M., on the 2nd and 4th at 7:30 P. M.  
Meeting for prayer, Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.  
Sabbath school at 9:30 P. M.  
Meeting of Epworth League each Monday night at 7:30, the third Monday night of each month being devoted to literary work.  
A most cordial welcome is extended to all.  
ISAAC P. MARTIN, Pastor.

### Baptist Church Services.

Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.; preaching 1st and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m., and on 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 p. m.; B. Y. P. U. every Monday at 7:30 p. m.; prayer meeting every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.; Missionary Society 2d and 4th Sundays at 4 p. m. All are invited to attend. Strangers welcome.  
W. C. Foster, Pastor.

## SECRET ORDERS.

CLINCH VALLEY  
COMMUNION, NO. 20,  
KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.  
Meets first Monday in each month.  
JAMES O'KEEFE, E. C.  
W. G. YOUNG, Recorder.

O'KEEFE ROYAL  
ARCH CHAPTER  
NO. 26.  
Meets second Monday in each month.  
H. W. O'KEEFE, H. P.  
W. G. YOUNG, Secretary.

TAREWELL LODGE,  
NO. 62, A. F. & A. M.  
Meets third Monday in each month.  
H. W. O'KEEFE, W. M.  
W. G. YOUNG, Sec'y.

## A GOOD FOR NOTHING.

OF COURSE, my reputation preceded me; you've been in my father's house six months, my pretty cousin, and is the three that elapsed before my arrival you must have been thoroughly posted as to the one black sheep of this virtuous family. Don't say "No." An accurate knowledge of my relatives assures me that they have been as frank on this occasion as on many similar ones in the past.

Jack Dangerfield delivers these remarks in his laziest drawl, looking up from his place on the hassock at Ethel Mason's feet, in the half-lighted, deserted parlor.

They are all alone to-night, for Mrs. Dangerfield and her daughters have gone to some ball or reception, whether Cousin Ethel's little cousin would permit her to accompany them, for Jack—be never, never to halls or receptions; he is a society in general, and that of his family in particular.

"I haven't heard your sisters speak of you very often," says Ethel, hesitating as memory leads her back through the few conversations which have had Mr. Jack for a text. They were explicit enough, if brief and far between.

"No, I suppose not; but when they don't speak they imply by signs and hints, that you would go. So be it. I would not deprive them of such a pregnant theme for all the world, only," he says, quickly, and his gray eyes darken and flash, "I could find it in my heart to wish that they had spared you the recital, that I might have a fair field and no favor with my Cousin Ethel."

"Your Cousin Ethel admits no outside influence," says the girl, smiling; "and you know that we are first friends—you and I."

"Are we? Yes, I believe we came to a mutual compact of that sort; friends as fast as a hopelessly good-for-nothing, God-forsaken fellow and an ignorant, innocent, little tender-hearted woman can make. You sit afar off with your folded hands, and your white garments feel so soft, in an angelic fashion, and for my sins, and I—look out of the pit and think how I might have lived for you once, and wish to God I might die for you now."

Jack Dangerfield's lazy little drawl is quite gone; the storm of a sudden passion has swept all the languor and world-weariness from out his dark, discontented face.

"Jack!"

He stops her before she can add another word.

"Hush!" starting to his feet and standing tall and straight before her, and looking down at the little sallow-looking figure and the upturned face. "I knew it would have to come—I can't have my Cousin Ethel for my friend. I must lose all, because I—"

"Oh, don't, Jack—don't say it!" she cries, his meaning flashing upon her with pure pain and pity. "Oh, what have I done?"

There is a hush in the room as he turns away. He walks to the window and leans his forehead against the pane, staring out into the black street.

"Ethel!"

He comes at last and kneels down by her, stretching his arms out over her lap and looking up, hazzardly, as

if he were praying for pity at a shrine. "Oh, Jack! I'm so sorry—so sorry!" She hides her face in her hands because she cannot bear that look in his, or that craving gaze of the great gray eyes.

"Jack Dangerfield is quite still for a minute, only he draws his breath with one hard sigh.

"Are you sorry for me?" he says, at last, in a whisper. "God knows I need it."

"I'm so sorry! I'd give up my life to—comfort you, Jack, if you'd only let me be your friend—your sister!"

There is a grim, heartless smile on Jack's mouth at this purely womanly suggestion. His teeth shut together for a minute till they grit, and he turns his face away.

"Ethel, between you and me there never could be any other love—but the one and that's impossible. I've wiped the last chance out years ago, and I know it when I looked in your face the first time. I never was mad enough to hope it, child. I only used to think of it sometimes—how it might be if I had a new life to live, and your hand to hold all the way."

He drops his head on her knees, and the little, soft, womanly hand creeps over it, touching the dark hair pitifully.

"Will you let me tell you something? Nobody ever knew it, and nobody ever will—except you, I want you to know how sorry I can be for this, and—and—why it is so utterly impossible. I had my chance of happiness once, Jack, with a pitiful little smile, and I killed it myself—the only love I ever cared for and wanted, or ever shall, I put away from me—just by my own folly; and there is nothing more hopelessly dead and gone than my chance of ever being glad again in this world, Jack."

He has no answer for a minute, except to take up her two hands and kiss them. Not passionately now, only reverently, as if they were something holy—tenderly as a mother would kiss her sick and sorrowful child.

"You see it never could be—as you wish it," she says, dropping her face, "I never could give another man what I gave him. And he never will know it now, or know I'm sorry—but that is my punishment. Jack, don't talk about it to me," she breaks off, drawing her hands from his with a sudden shiver of pain. "It's all hopeless and over and done with, and I shall never care for myself again, whether I live or die; but I do care for you, dear, and I want to help you, if you'll let me; if you show me the way to make some one living creature a little happier or better because of me."

Her voice and her eyes are full of tears, but he does not seem to see or hear them.

There is a soft roll of carriage wheels outside in the night; Mrs. Dangerfield is coming from her ball.

As Ethel hears it, she springs up; and, so doing, gives a little cry as something falls flashing from her dress and rolls on the carpet.

"My locket!—oh, take care!" for Jack steps aside quickly—too quickly.

The little blue-and-gold toy that he has seen every day round her neck lay just at his feet, and his boot-heel has crushed it as Ethel cries out to him.

He drops on one knee to pick it up. "By Jove! I'm sorry—I didn't see it. It's too bad. I'm awfully sorry, Ethel."

What had Mr. Dangerfield discovered? A name inside the golden circle, and the small colored likeness of a man's face—a comely face enough, blue-eyed and fair, and full of right royal pride. His eyes rest greedily on it for a second, and then flush up into hers. They ask a single question, and they have their answer.

"Give it to me!" cries Ethel, hurriedly, the blood rushing hotly to her face. "Oh, let me go! Don't let them find me here!"

He let her go. There is no more now to ask or hear. And when the night rattle in the lock, and Mrs. Dangerfield and her daughters troop rustling into the hall, they see Jack standing alone in the parlor, lighting a cigar as he leans against the mantelpiece, staring at the mirror's faithful reflection of his nonchalant, handsome face.

"Jack, have you any engagement for Tuesday next?" A positive one, my dear sister," Jack answers, decidedly.

"What is it? On the Union Pacific railroad. By Tuesday next I devoutly hope to be steaming across the continent."

"Jack Dangerfield, what do you mean?" cry three voices in chorus.

"That I'm tired of the customs of the east, and intend to shake the dust of this society, in particular, off my feet. Please God, the day after to-morrow."

"Going back? Why, you haven't been home three months from San Francisco!"

"Judge of the tugging at my heartstrings that draws me that way after so brief an absence."

Mr. Dangerfield rises deliberately, then straightens up his six feet of comely proportion, and then looks down in his listless, half-curious fashion at the wondering faces of his family.

As he looks, his eye catches Ethel's. His own sallow, colorless face turns a shade paler, and he gnaws his mustache savagely.

"It's very extraordinary," begins the elder Miss Dangerfield.

"I leave you to coin it at your leisure," her brother interrupts, coolly. "I have the proud satisfaction of knowing that, for once in my life, my movements meet your full and exact approbation."

With which last speech he turns and walks out of the room; and he has not heard one word from Ethel, either of wonder or remonstrance or simply curiosity.

So Jack Dangerfield, according to his suddenly matured plan, goes steaming across the continent. Nobody is very sorry that he is gone—except his Cousin Ethel, perhaps—who misses the kindly, gentle courtesies of this good-for-nothing, and finds a blank where she had seen his dark, comely face, with its bitter, unmistakable stamp of satiety.

Now that he is fairly out of New York, and 3,000 miles lie between the family and the rumor of his misdeeds, there is a sort of breathing space—a sense of relief at the intervening space.

## Good Blood

Is essential to health. Every rock and corner of the system is reached by the blood, and on its quality the condition of every organ depends. Good blood means strong nerves, good digestion, robust health. Impure blood means scrofula, dyspepsia, rheumatism, catarrh or other diseases. The surest way to have good blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the blood, and sends the elements of health and strength to every nerve, organ and tissue. It creates a good appetite, gives refreshing sleep and cures that tired feeling. Remember,

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate.

Without Tack the Humorous Woman Makes Men Enemies Than Friends.

The funny woman per se is a pestilence in the land. Carelessly and roughly she seeks only to make the world laugh, sends her merry shot and shells here and there, and takes no note of the wounded in the field. It is she who holds up our weaknesses to ridicule, reveals our secret ambitions, and makes puns upon our most solemn observations.

Now, as blessed as humor is and as healthy as laughter is, there are some things in the universe which are not funny. But it seems that there is nothing good enough or sacred enough to escape the confirmed joker. Often it is a more slipshod wearing the peculiar guise of true humor, and for the comfort of a pitiful pun the highest and purest themes are dragged down and "turned to laughter and contempt."

The funny woman, in spite of her brilliant conversational qualities, is rarely a social success. Unbridled wit and tact are inimical. The wag who is bursting with a mot will hardly ever repress it just to preserve harmony. Now, when one wants a dinner party to go off pleasantly and smoothly one does not feel safe in inviting a guest who will, in a moment of exuberant fun, create one of those "awful pauses" so dreaded in society, or innocently engage some eminent personage by a telling "home shot." Genius for humor is like any other sort of genius; you must take it as you find it, and it is a very difficult thing to confine in a straight jacket of conventionality.

The funny woman is not usually a winner in the game of hearts, though she may succeed in affording her men friends excellent entertainment. The ideal girl—that paragon of man's fancy—is not usually she who is prone to puns and who is likely to find a funny spot in the most sentimental situation. Men may admire quickness of wit in the abstract, but they are not so apt to fall in love with a girl who is always making "smart speeches." They are as disagreeably startled by sharp wit on the lips of a pretty girl as though they had found pepper in their tea-cups.

Dear, funny woman, we would not laugh at you, nor live perpetually in a shower of mental fireworks. Ever and again we pine to commune with the earnest, grave and joyless friend with whom we may discuss some profound and solemn theme without being met by a fusillade of feeble puns and witticisms. We know you are very funny, but one's face aches with continual smiling, and an exclusively funny diet is about as sustaining as a ration of pure pepper and salt. Truly there is a time to laugh, but it is not the time—Carrie E. Garrett, in Woman's Home Companion.

IN CAP AND BELLS.

And all of a sudden he starts up with a keen, thoroughly awakened light in his blue eyes—so curiously blue in the sunburnt face, and, stepping to the door, flings it wide open, letting in a great sweep of drenching rain. There is another sound outside than the river's brawling with its bowlders, and the roar of the wind with the pine trees.

Guy hears a horse's hoofs clattering down the canyon, coming nearer and nearer; and as he strains his ears he listens, he catches a shout, a very faint one, half drowned in the noise of the storm.

In another minute the horse and rider flash into sight in the bar of red light that shines through the cabin window, and Guy springs out just in time to help a reeling, swaying figure down from the saddle, and support it in his strong arms inside the door.

"Jack Dangerfield! Good heaven! is it you, old fellow?"

Jack Dangerfield's face, in truth—as he looks at the rain that has drenched his bare head, hollow-eyed, haggard, touched with the finger of death.

When Guy half lifts, half drags him to the bunk in the corner and tears open the coat buttoned tight against his breast, he finds a dark red patch staining the gray flannel shirt.

"Drink this now, Jack. Don't say a word, old man," he orders, briefly and business like—no wondering or questioning for a minute.

He holds up the heavy head and puts the brandy to the stiff, white lips, watching eagerly till he sees a shade of color creep into them.

"Give me more," Jack whispers, hoarsely, closing his hand over Guy's wrist. "Keep me as long as you can. I've—I've come to—tell you something. Oh, heaven, for half an hour longer!"

"You'll be all right in half an hour. There, lie down and let me get off these wet things and tell me, old fellow, for heaven's sake, what brings you back here, and what's happened?"

"Let alone," mutters Jack, turning his haggard face and wild eyes upon the kindly, troubled face above him. "Don't bother with me. Only stop this confounded bleeding just till I've told you, and then it's all up with me. McLeod. I was shot at down by Fire Forks. I—I've been riding day and night. I came back here to find you and—Give me your hand. I can't see you clear, Guy."

Guy kneels by the side of the bunk, and with such rude surgery as can be improvised on the moment, he binds the ragged bullet hole, from out whose lips the soul of Jack Dangerfield is wavering already for his flight. Poor old Jack! A kind-hearted, gone-to-the-dogs fellow, who stood by his side in many a rough place through their camp life—who never left him in trouble, and turned his back at the first streak of risk, and who came home again four months ago—who comes back now, with the death damps thick upon his wan face and a bullet in his breast.

"There," Guy says, bending down, "take one more swallow, Jack—there! I'm close to you, listening to you, dear boy."

"I've been home," the dying man sobs out between the breaths that come so hard—"home! And I've seen her—I've seen Ethel Mason!"

"There isn't but one, is there? Only one for you and me, too, McLeod. I found her in my mother's house, and you know the old story. She was sorry, and she would be my friend and help me. And she loved another man."

"Why are you telling me this, Dangerfield?" Guy asks, hoarsely, the color coming back to his face.

"By heaven! I don't know what you mean!"

"You don't?" Jack lifts his head, rises with a great struggle on his arm, and stares full into McLeod's blue eyes. "You don't know that face? Tell me the truth, as you hope for God's mercy, Guy McLeod!"

His weak hand has groped and found something in his breast—inside the gray shirt. It is a woman's picture, the edges reddened with that spreading stain, and Guy looks at it and mutters a great oath under his breath through trembling lips.

"You don't know it. It's she—your Ethel—my cousin Ethel. For heaven's sake go back to her, Guy—go back and tell her I sent you—because—because she was sorry."

"Your cousin?" stammers Guy.

"I knew you were the man," Jack whispers, very weakly. "I saw your face in her locket and your name, and so I came to tell you. She said—wait, I remember every word—she never could give another man what she had given him—the only man she ever cared for, or ever could! And she meant you, Guy. She thought you'd never know, but I've come to bring you the message for her—just for her sake, because—she—loves you."

"Jack, Jack! Dear old fellow!"

Guy's face hides itself in the blanket. The rough couch shakes where his strong arms rest upon it.

"I've been here, on the saddle these three days riding, with all the powers of evil trying to drag me back. I thought I was gone when that accursed gang stopped me to-night. I rode through them and rode for my life, though, and—and—yes, you see, I've told you, Guy. But

I've got a bullet in here, and it's an up with me."

The words die on his lips. The heavy eyelids drop and close, and Jack lies breathing short and hard, while the icy shivers creep over him, and he creeps over his face, whose old cynical fashion has gone forever.

"No, no, Jack, dear old man, it can't be! You shall not die!" starting up and facing the grim fate in helpless protest. A dim, slow smile dawns on the chilly mouth, and Jack's hands move a little—a very little—toward his breast.

"You'll go to her? Promise—swear it—quick! You'll go back again?"

"I will, by heaven! I swear it, Jack. And you shall go, too, my dear old fellow."

"Bury me here," he says, hoarsely, not hearing or not heeding the words. "At the old camp. And—tell her—be sure to tell her how I came for you."

The half-spoken sentence never is finished. Only the gray eyes open wide and clear, and with one great bound the soul of Jack Dangerfield flays from the old wearisome fetters of clay, and at a single stride the land where, in God's sight, it shall be good for something—Leah's Monthly.

## Five Stock.

### NEW MEAT FREEZER.

A Successful Process Devised by Two New Zealand Inventors.

One of the limitations of the export frozen meat business, which has assumed such large proportions in Australia and New Zealand, is the liability to what is known as "bone stink," or decaying marrow. This trouble is universal and damages a great deal of meat. In hot climates it is found exceedingly difficult to freeze meat, as the carcasses cannot be cooled entirely of the latent animal heat before putrefaction sets in. It is also found that if freezing is commenced before this heat is got rid of the cold on the outside concentrates the heat inward to

the time necessary for the perfect preparation of hides. Recently it has been found that canigero, or soudocel, possesses properties which show that it is indicated by nature for preservative purposes. It is impossible to burn leather in its solution. The cells of a hide will absorb enough to tan it in 12 hours and will take no more. In a few hours, varying with the substance to be treated, the tannic acid in the canigero will have done its work, saving three months' time and a deal of labor. The cost of planting, cultivating, irrigating and harvesting an acre of canigero is estimated at \$16.50. The yield is from 12 to 20 tons an acre on new land and rises with cultivation. The returns vary from \$65 to \$75 per ton, sliced. Drying shrinks the product two-thirds, but it is said that the producer can count on a clear gain of \$200 per acre.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### WELL-BRED CATTLE.

In These Days It Does Not Pay to Raise Any Other Kind.

If there be any one proposition in relation to which well-bred stock is an absolute necessity, it is that well-bred stock will afford a profit when no other kind will, and that when prices are so good that the growing of almost any kind is remunerative, well-bred animals are so much more profitable as to make it very unwise to grow any other kind. This fact is well recognized in the swine industry, says Iowa Homestead, and very few animals go to market now from the swine belt that do not have a good proportion of good blood which gives them form and early maturing quality. In the cattle business, however, the principle, although almost unanimously admitted, is not so unanimously observed. A great many cattle are produced from matings that never should have been made, and especially it is true that sires are used that should have been shipped to the fat steer market. This is very unwise. It is a waste of feed, of care, of the use of land, and of the labor that must be expended in the growing of cattle of any kind. With well-bred cattle, calves intended for beef can be liberally fed from birth, whether they be steers or heifer calves, and they should never know the stunting that is occasioned by roughing it through on insufficient feed and with insufficient care. Such cattle attain a marketable age early, and when they reach it will have both the size and finish to insure the best prices that are going. If, however, they are stunted at an early age, they are not fully grown for them what they have lost. In this respect, however, they are no different from scrubs. For a stunted scrub cannot regain its best estate either. With sires of little or no breeding, a good deal longer maintenance is required, for they will not fatten until they are matured, and they do not mature until they have attained considerable age. There was good reason in the old days why steers were kept until four or five years of age; they did not mature until then, and until they did mature no tenderness or finish could be given, and at an earlier age they would go forward coarse, and raw-boned, and only command the inferior prices which stuff of that kind brought. The market now demands younger cattle, but the younger cattle that it wants are of the kind that matures when young. The demand does not mean scrubs crowded and shipped at an early age. With cattle in which the breeding has been secured, attention, and which have been liberally fed from calfhood, the weights of 1,400 or 1,500 can be made at an early age, and the style and finish will sell the animal for a good price, as compared with the top of the market, but scrub cattle can be neither fattened nor finished early, and hence they cannot be turned quickly, and must be maintained if they are to receive any fattening and finish worth speaking of for nearly twice as long as well-bred animals.

These are the facts in relation to the matter, and they carry their own lesson, namely, that no grower of cattle can afford to do otherwise than use a good sire with the best dams he can secure, and then push the youngsters by liberal feeding, that they shall never know a day's lapse.

### IT PRESERVES HIDES.

An Important Discovery in Which Farmers are Interested.

In tanning hides, the sooner natural decay, which begins with the death of an animal, can be arrested the better will be the leather. A hide is heavily salted and sent to a tannery where it is immersed in water, that particles of the flesh adhering to the inner side may be scraped away. It is then soaked in lime water 12 hours to remove the hair. After being scoured and deplated by a machine, it is ready for the tanning fluid. It has been necessary to allow it to lie in a bark solution for three months, being moved, drained and manipulated many times during the process. If the solution of tan bark is too strong, the hide may be destroyed. For years scientists have experimented with different substances, hoping to shorten

the average weekly loss of vessels on the seas throughout the world is 12.

## CURES THE CHILDREN.

Nervura Is the Best Medicine and Surest Cure For the Little Ones.

Dr. Greene's Nervura is the Household Remedy For Children. Give Your Child This Wonderful Remedy. A Cure Is Certain.

Feed cattle by cutting up the shocked corn. It is economical.

The hog that quietly eats and keeps on eating is the hog for profit.

Defeating a pig is often a cause of shame, and the whip will not help that, will it?

One ounce of Scotch snuff to a pound of grease makes a good application for lice on cattle.

Shorts, corn and oats, with some oil meal, will keep the fall pig growing during the winter.

Feeding cattle on a large scale cannot possibly be done so economically as on a small scale.

It is best to feed cattle only long enough to get a fair profit on them and then let them go.

Lice and worms are the hog's great enemies. When changing hogs from one feed to another it should be done with some care, as well as with other animals.—Western Ploverman.

### Horse-diehs for Food.

Horse diehs of France are apparently no longer able to supply the demand for the flesh of that animal in Paris. An order from the French capital for 5,000 barrels of horse meat has been received by a company of Portland, Ore. The animals used are the half-wild cayuse of Oregon, which are bought for about \$2.50 each. As the use of horseflesh for food seems to be growing in several foreign countries, it may become a profitable article for export.

## DOCTORS HAD GIVEN HER UP

A Convincing Letter From One of Mrs. Pinkham's Admirers.

No woman can look fresh and fair who is suffering from displacement of the womb. It is ridiculous to suppose that such a difficulty can be cured by an artificial support like a pessary.

Artificial supports make matters worse, for they take away all the chance of the ligaments recovering their vigor and tone. Use strengtheners; the ligaments have a work to do.

If they grow flabby and refuse to hold the womb in place, there is but one remedy, and that is to strengthen their fibres and draw the cords back into their normal condition, thus righting the position of the womb.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is designed especially for this purpose, and, taken in connection with her Sanative Wash, applied locally, will tone up the uterine system, strengthening the cords or ligaments which hold up the womb.

Any woman who suspects that she has this trouble—and she will know it by a dragging weight in the lower abdomen, irritability of the bladder and rectum, great fatigue in walking, and leucorrhœa—should promptly commence the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If the case is stubborn, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., stating freely all symptoms. You will receive a prompt letter of advice free of charge.

All letters are read and answered by women only. The following letter relates to an unusually severe case of displacement of the womb, which was cured by the Pinkham remedies. Surely it is convincing:

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier cured me when the doctors had given me up. I had spent hundreds of dollars searching for a cure, but found little or no relief until I began the Pinkham remedies. I had falling and displacement of the womb so bad that for two years I could not walk across the floor. I also had profuse menstruation, kidney, liver and stomach trouble. The doctors said my case was hopeless. I had taken only four bottles of the Vegetable Compound and one of the Blood Purifier when I felt like a new person. I am now cured, much to the surprise of my friends, for they all gave me up to die. Now many of my lady friends are using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound through my recommendation, and are regaining health. It has also cured my little son of kidney trouble. I would advise every suffering woman in the land to write to Mrs. Pinkham for aid."—MRS. EMMA PANGBORN, Alanson, Mich.

### A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

The Bite of a Serpent an Antidote for Its Bile.

Another very effective agent for overcoming the venom of serpents has been discovered by Prof. Thomas R. Fraser, of the University of Edinburgh. It is not whisky where with Americans antagonize the poison of rattlesnakes; nor is it M. Calmette's antioxic serum, obtained from the blood of animals which have been rendered immune by successive inoculations with small quantities of the venom. The new antidote is nothing more or less than the serpent's own bile. In reporting a series of elaborate experiments conducted by himself Prof. Fraser recently said:

"The bile from the gall bladder of the African cobra, puff adder, rattlesnake and grass snake was used, and each bile was tested against the venom of the African and Indian cobra. For the most part the experiments were made by mixing various quantities of each bile with a little more than the minimum fatal dose of the venom, and then injecting this mixture under the skin of the animal. The object of the experiments was not only to determine if the bile can render venom innocuous, but also, if it has this power, what is the smallest quantity of bile capable of doing it?"

Having recounted the various doses which he employed, and their effects, he thus summarizes the result: "It was thus shown that the bile of venomous serpents is able, when mixed with the venom of serpents, to prevent lethal doses of the latter from producing death, and that the bile is, indeed, so powerful an agent in doing this that a quantity actually smaller than the quantity of venom may be sufficient for the purpose. It need scarcely be added that the doses of bile thus shown to be sufficient represent only minute portions of the bile stored in the gall bladder of a serpent, and that a serpent therefore has at its disposal enough bile to prevent injury from venom introduced into the stomach in quantities many times greater than the minimum lethal."

The bile of harmless serpents was also tested and found to be effective, though in a less degree. The same secretion from an animal like the ox was made the subject of other experiments. It was even less powerful than the bile of innocuous snakes, and about one-seventh as strong in its antioxic influence as the bile of the cobra or asp. But if enough of it were used it would overcome a fatal dose of the poison.

Dr. Fraser found that he could isolate the particular element in a serpent's bile which has this surprising property, so that the antidote can be prepared for the market in very compact form. And the process of manufacture is probably quite as simple as, and perhaps more rapid than, that of M. Calmette.

Precisely how he obtained his elixir the Edinburgh savant does not say. But he incidentally remarks that some of the native snake doctors in Africa have a remedy, compounded of several substances, of which one is snake bile, and they are accustomed to administer it not only by introducing it into the patient's stomach (where it is probably without effect), but also by rubbing it into the wound, where it would be absorbed into the blood. It is probable, therefore, that this wonderful provision of nature, which compels a serpent to secrete in one part of its system a cure for the poison that it secretes in another, has long been known in some of those countries where the information is most likely to be given to mankind.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### ADVANTAGES OF BARE FEET.

Are the Children of the Time "Dressed to Death?"

Visitors to Scotland used to be horrified on seeing so many children running about barefooted. Bare feet are less common now than they were a generation ago, and perhaps the change, while showing a growing prosperity in the nation, is not altogether praiseworthy. Children's feet grow so fast that to keep them always properly shod is a matter that requires

## DOCTORS HAD GIVEN HER UP

A Convincing Letter From One of Mrs. Pinkham's Admirers.

No woman can look fresh and fair who is suffering from displacement of the womb. It is ridiculous to suppose that such a difficulty can be cured by an artificial support like a pessary.

Artificial supports make matters worse, for they take away all the chance of the ligaments recovering their vigor and tone. Use strengtheners; the ligaments have a work to do.

If they grow flabby and refuse to hold the womb in place, there is but one remedy, and that is to strengthen their fibres and draw the cords back into their normal condition, thus righting the position of the womb.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is designed especially for this purpose, and, taken in connection with her Sanative Wash, applied locally, will tone up the uterine system, strengthening the cords or ligaments which hold up the womb.

Any woman who suspects that she has this trouble—and she will know it by a dragging weight in the lower abdomen, irritability of the bladder and rectum, great fatigue in walking, and leucorrhœa—should promptly commence the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If the case is stubborn, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., stating freely all symptoms. You will receive a prompt letter of advice free of charge.

All letters are read and answered by women only. The following letter relates to an unusually severe case of displacement of the womb, which was cured by the Pinkham remedies. Surely it is convincing:

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier cured me when the doctors had given me up. I had spent hundreds of dollars searching for a cure, but found little or no relief until I began the Pinkham remedies. I had falling and displacement of the womb so bad that for two years I could not walk across the floor. I also had profuse menstruation, kidney, liver and stomach trouble. The doctors said my case was hopeless. I had taken only four bottles of the Vegetable Compound and one of the Blood Purifier when I felt like a new person. I am now cured, much to the surprise of my friends, for they all gave me up to die. Now many of my lady friends are using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound through my recommendation, and are regaining health. It has also cured my little son of kidney trouble. I would advise every suffering woman in the land to write to Mrs. Pinkham for aid."—MRS. EMMA PANGBORN, Alanson, Mich.

### A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

The Bite of a Serpent an Antidote for Its Bile.

Another very effective agent for overcoming the venom of serpents has been discovered by Prof. Thomas R. Fraser, of the University of Edinburgh. It is not whisky where with Americans antagonize the poison of rattlesnakes; nor is it M. Calmette's antioxic serum, obtained from the blood of animals which have been rendered immune by successive inoculations with small quantities of the venom. The new antidote is nothing more or less than the serpent's own bile. In reporting a series of elaborate experiments conducted by himself Prof. Fraser recently said:

"The bile from the gall bladder of the African cobra, puff adder, rattlesnake and grass snake was used, and each bile was tested against the venom of the African and Indian cobra. For the most part the experiments were made by mixing various quantities of each bile with a little more than the minimum fatal dose of the venom, and then injecting this mixture under the skin of the animal. The object of the experiments was not only to determine if the bile can render venom innocuous, but also, if it has this power, what is the smallest quantity of bile capable of doing it?"